

# The TATLER

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and BYSTANDER

London  
May 26, 1948



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THE  
**TATLER**  
and BYSTANDER

LONDON  
MAY 26, 1948

Two Shillings  
Vol. CLXXXVIII. No. 2446



Hay Wrightson

**HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY** who celebrates her eighty-first birthday to-day, holds a place in the hearts of the British people of which our history can show few parallels. With the passing of the years there is no diminution, but rather a strengthening, of the interest she takes in the country's welfare; and it is with pride and profound affection that the nation, in turn, follows her activities. Her frequent public appearances are greeted with the warmest enthusiasm, and on this day the opportunity will be eagerly taken to wish Her Majesty many more years of health and happiness





# Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

FINE or fair, said the weather forecast for that day, with moderate to fresh winds, cooler near the coast and warm inland.

The day exceeded such prosaic expectations—it was an angelic day, filled with the freshness only May can bring, hawthorn-scented and with the sweet smell of green things growing all around as we drove along the Sussex roads to the point-to-point.

The mention of a point-to-point has always conjured for me a memory of March weather, mackintoshes, rain down the back of one's neck, shooting-sticks planted in mud and nips of neat whisky out of a flask behind a car in between races.

Such memory has now gone for ever: henceforth I shall always see a picture of green as soft as velvet, fringed with young oak trees, the distant ridge of the Downs almost purple with shadow and, moving as a motif through this tapestry, the red-coated huntsmen.

England at its best!

RACE meetings of recent years have attracted—how shall I put it?—a section of the populace noted neither for tidiness nor good manners.

Towards the end of the war the King opened Ascot again. I went to one of the first meetings there, and thought the place had never looked lovelier even at Royal Ascot time, for the grass was green, the crowd was small and most people were in uniform. A few months later I went again. What a change! The grass was trampled to nothing, ice-cream boxes and the remains of food were scattered over what used to be the Royal Enclosure; and the atmosphere generally was of a rough Saturday meeting at "Ally Pally."

Nothing of this at Ringmer races; no balloon-shaped men tethered to enormous cigars; no sign of the current spivvry; instead, the finest collection of men's wear (ancient and modern) to be seen anywhere in the kingdom—elderly farmers in strangely shaped hard hats and coats whose skirts reached almost to the knees, the pockets obviously built to carry at least a brace of partridge, and young bloods immaculately careless, with their hats tipped low over their eyes to give them the I-can-just-see-you-from-under-my-bearskin look proper to the Brigade of Guards.

It was a good day's racing, full of excitements of various kinds.

The field for the ladies' race was about the size of a Grand National, and with feminine indiscretion they came tearing up the straight to the first fence bunched all together, so it seemed inevitable that several of the thirty must come down—but only one did. By the next time round they were strung out, yet only about ten finished.

Then there was the pathetic animal who fell twice, and for a moment was thought to

have broken its neck, but presently it was got to its feet.

After a few minutes a groom led it away, and then to everyone's surprise suddenly mounted it. Never have I seen such a change in the temper of a crowd: there was one concerted cry of "Get off that horse!" and long-drawn-out booing. One had forgotten that these were hunting-men with good lung-power. The man was pulled off.

It was the kind of pathetic animal that a picador rides at a bull-fight, and just at that second the hot sunshine, the colouring of the huntsmen's coats and jockey's blouses vanished from Sussex and I remembered an Easter at Seville years ago.

Both bull-fighters and fox-hunters make themselves colourfully picturesque for the kill....

The bookmakers at this point-to-point lent their own peculiar colour to the picture.

One I observed carefully. He seemed to have a privileged position near the entrance to the paddock, and it was a measure of one aspect of the meeting that he seldom seemed to take more than five-bob bets.

He was obviously anxious to get away before the rush at the end, but just as the last race finished an objection was lodged, and for twenty minutes he was surrounded by an anxious crowd of backers of the two rival winners.

These last-race objections add fun to meetings.

The last time I came across one was a couple of years ago when I accompanied some children and a picnic basket to the heath side while their mother was in the enclosure. The ordinary bookie does not wait for objections in a last race, but pays "first past the post." It was a ten-to-one winner, and we collected our winnings.

A quarter of an hour later their mother collected for the same race on her side of the course—another horse at eight to one. That family was rightly proud of itself when it got home.

MIGHT it not be a good idea to have a close season once a year for motoring in the countryside?

This highly unpopular thought came when we started back to Seaford Head after the last race. Such a collection of vehicles—of gigs, traps, and pony-carts—I have not seen for many a year, but they suited the scene perfectly.

And how lovely and serene was the setting as the sun began to wane. Has ever there been such a profusion of flowers so early in May? Village after village with gardens filled with

wallflowers, tulips, lilac, lupins and, overhead, the blossom-heavy chestnuts.

In village after village a game of cricket was being played. It seemed to us passing by like the same game of cricket, as if directly our backs had been turned on one village, the whole scene had been magically transported to the next village to await us—somewhat in the manner of a stage "army." Each game was in that state of suspended animation suitable to about half-past six o'clock on a warm May evening just as the beer has run out and the next move must be to the local.

Two other things struck me: all the players seemed dressed as for Lord's—and there were hardly any spectators.

THEN we got to Newhaven. One of our party was a statesman taking an afternoon off—his wife had never before been to a race meeting—a man who has known in his time what it is to abdicate and walk into the wilderness.

As we crossed the bridge over the Ouse I—perhaps indiscreetly—pointed out to him the inn there and the anniversary it was celebrating this year. He looked at it dourly.

It was at this little inn, kept by a Mrs. Smith in 1848, that one night another "Mrs. Smith" and her husband arrived and asked for lodging. "Mr. Smith" himself was described as wearing a "sort of casquette on his head, a coarse overcoat and goggles."

Such was Louis Philippe I, King of the French, Duke of Orleans and godson of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

He had fled by a back door from the Tuileries only a few days before. He arrived almost penniless—"he has barely enough to eat"—recorded Queen Victoria in dismay, and then gave him her uncle's Claremont as a refuge. It was a vintage year, this of 1848, for political exiles. There was a current song which began: "King Louis Philippe here at Claremont is lurking..." and ended:

"Amongst us old Metternich's also in hiding

In somebody's castle or mansion or grange:

All exiles of rank are in England abiding,  
No host but John Bull for the Pilgrim of Change."

Metternich was at the time, I believe, in Brighton.

It is nice to think that among the first to come to Louis Philippe's assistance was none other than Palmerston, who had



The Yeoman Gaoler with his axe, another official at the Tower's bound-beating observance this month



fought him, yet now sent a cheque for £1,000.

A record of the political exiles harboured by John Bull in the decade ending 1948 might make interesting reading: would Rudolph Hess be numbered among them?

That thought came later on. As we approached Seaford no one had thought for anything but a remarkably faithful presentation of Thomas Gray's poem, for there *was* a lowing herd winding slowly o'er the lea as we passed (there was some discussion as to the meaning of "lea"), a ploughman was certainly plodding his way along, whether wearily or not we could not determine, while a bell was tolling—and the day was parting.

**M**y host that night was a man with an idea. He had spent much of his life travelling the world, and there was scarcely a good hotel or restaurant in any civilized country of which he did not seem to have intimate knowledge.

Four months ago, seeking a hobby as much as anything, he had the idea of trying to make an ideal hotel. His enthusiasms come by fits and starts, so he had to hurry.

He thought of a hotel in which every bedroom should have been planned and slept in before the doors were ever opened to guests; the lights should be in the proper place, the dressing-table in a suitable position and with space beneath for human legs, the shaving mirror not in the darkest corner of the bathroom, and, by the bedsides, a few choice books easy to dip into before sleep.

Pictures in the room should be chosen with taste and each for the particular room.

Many ideas on food and drink were in his mind, but defied achievement at present. One interested me: the Sunday joint. Now, Sunday in England, as we know, can be a burdensome experience for the voyager away from his own home, and never made easier to bear than by every hotel's insistence that the only dish required for a Sunday lunch is roast beef, Yorkshire pudding and vegetables. This is admirable up to the dangerous point where a kitchen has to keep a large joint hot, so that it is eventually served up tasteless. The host of the perfect hotel dared to serve cold and beautifully cooked roast beef with salad and hot, new potatoes.

There were many other points about this small but exquisite experiment which I should like to record. It might well be bought by the Government and shown to the hotel managers of the nation as a model.

**A**FTER dinner that night we sat on the terrace facing the great upwards surge of downland that leads to Seaford Head, peaceful in the darkness save for the occasional odd noises of the night. One man said: "That sounded just like an American bull-frog," and another told the Washington story that is now disconcerting the Printing Office there—the equivalent of H.M.'s Stationery Office.

An irate Congressman a short while ago had said: "The Printing Office seems to have printed at the taxpayers' expense a book on every dam' subject except the *Sex Life of a Bull-frog*."

The U.S.A. is currently entranced by a book called *Sexual Behaviour of the Male*, which has become required reading for every member of the family. What was this bull-frog book?

Believe it or not, thousands of orders and deposits flooded the Printing Office, and denials that the book was going to be published only increased the demand. There the matter seems to rest and the only solution appears to be that the U.S. Government should commission someone to write the sex life of a bull-frog.

I heard no bull-frog in Sussex, but a few hours later there was the cuckoo heralding another day of this miraculous May.

England seemed itself again.

## AESOP'S FEEBLES

### THE ANT AND THE MOLE-HILL

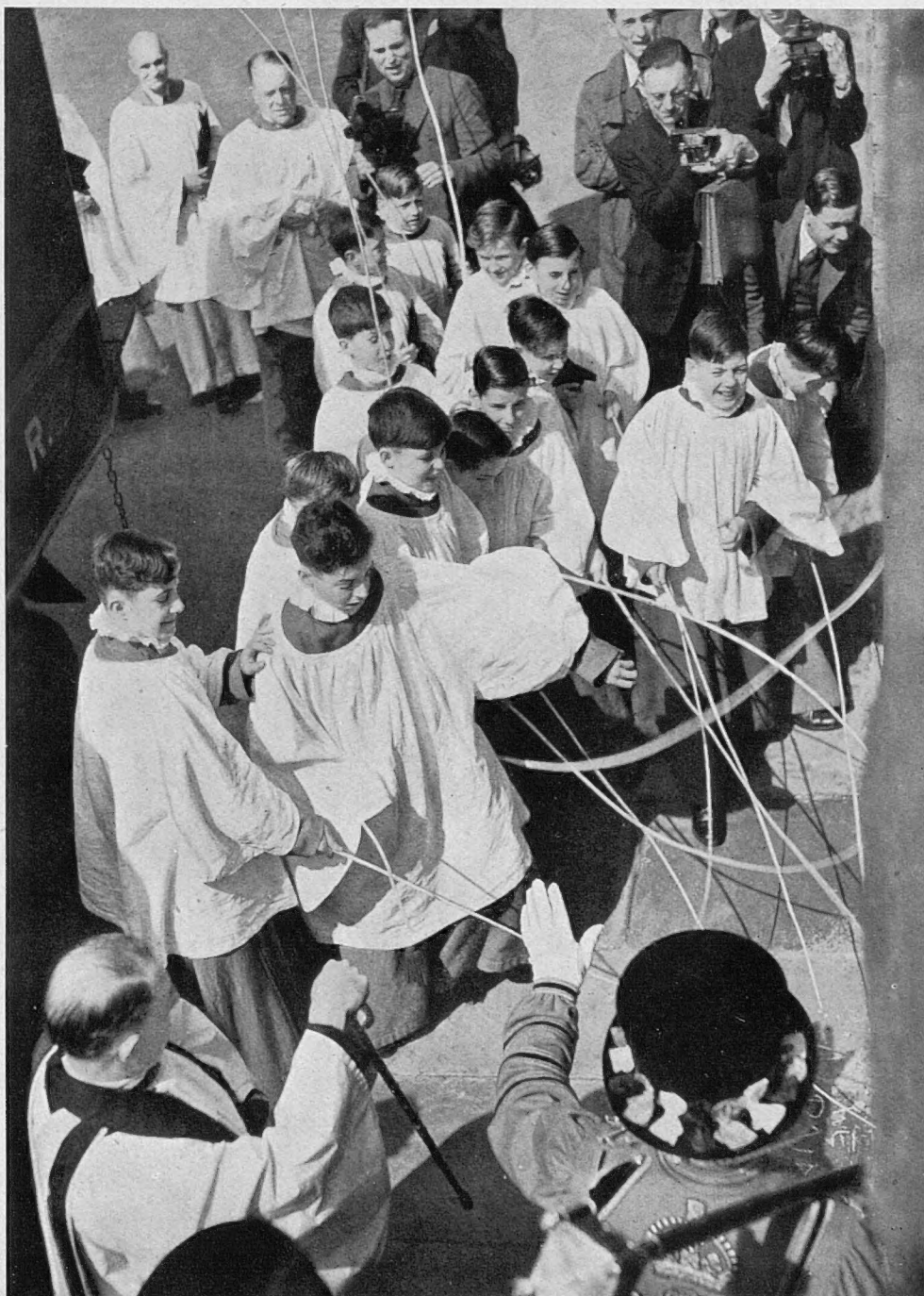
An Ant when going for a stroll  
Came on a hill made by a mole—  
A mole-hill is the usual appellation  
He took it for an ant-hill and,  
Jumping with vigour through the sand,  
Fell down the biggest hill in his Creation.

He didn't break his neck, since Ants  
Don't have necks, but it kicked his pants  
(A term much used in modern diagnosis)  
So hard that when he went to bed  
He did so standing on his head  
And died, I think from cerebral sclerosis.

#### Immoral:

The point I really wish to make  
Is that it is a great mistake  
And one that leads to error and confusion.  
To take externals as a test,  
The Ant—if I may make a jest—  
Did that, he (ha! ha!) leapt to his conclusion.

—Justin Richardson



**BEATING THE BOUNDS** at the Tower of London, a ceremony, once annual, now carried out on Ascension Day every three years. The choirboys are from the Tower Chapel, and are mostly sons of Yeoman Warders, and they are wielding their wands under the direction of the Rev. R. N. Laporte Payne and Chief Warder A. H. Cook. The Resident Governor, Col. E. H. Carkeet-James, was also at this ancient and picturesque observance



Anthony Cookman  
with Tom Titt

# At the Theatre

"The Paragon"  
(Fortune)

IT is a relief occasionally to exchange life as the serious dramatist sees it—a thing of complicated cross-lights, dim distinctions, disconcerting anti-climaxes, obviously as puzzling to him as to us—for something simpler, for life as it is in the more exciting pages of a magazine of fiction.

It is out of this kind of life that Mr. Roland Pertwee and his son, Mr. Michael Pertwee, have expertly arranged an entertaining play of situation. The eminently satisfactory thing about such a play is that we can feel perfectly sure from the outset that no psychological refinements are going to rob of their full excitement scenes which we are skilfully encouraged to expect with almost childlike eagerness.

SIR ROBERT, the wealthy Northern manufacturer, is blunt of speech and extremely thick-skinned. He has lost a son in the war and proposes to erect in the village a grandiose memorial to the boy. A local peer tactfully points out the social impropriety of singling out his own son for public commemoration; but Sir Robert has always been a lone wolf fighting for himself and his son, and now that he has become totally blind he is mulish in his obstinacy. Clearly he is going to get a surprise.

The first surprise—if anyone could pluck up courage to give it him—is that his son's wife has already married the peer's son. Excellent! We know that the old boy will not take the insult lying down. Then his son—a scarred and hunted wolf cub, so unlike the brilliant young cricketer of the father's fond memorial—skulks into the house. He is a deserter, and as we quickly

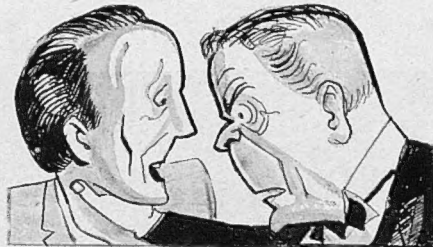
discover, a blackmailer and, as we discover in due course, a murderer.

WHAT lifts the story out of the common run is the skill with which the authors use the father's blindness to lend a touch of novelty to its subsequent development. All the sensitiveness which his mind lacks has apparently passed into his ears. His auditory nerve has become to him what the crutch was to Long John Silver.

He can not only move about as fast and as surely as most men, he can fight, and before the need for fighting arises he can almost hear someone in his company thinking better of some possibly indiscreet remark. It is the spectacle of the blind man feeling his way slowly but surely to the truth which everybody is trying to conceal from him that gives the play freshness.

MR. WALTER FITZGERALD leads an attractive company. He gives the self-deluded father his full melodramatic due, but sees to it that while he is still a blunt-tongued vulgarian the effect shall be softened by an underlying suggestion that he is of the family of Arnold Bennett's Card.

Miss Rachel Kempson, as his devoted wife, brings to the play a sensitiveness of touch which it cannot be said to demand, but is all the better for having. Mr. Hugh Burden plays the haggard, haunted deserter with a fine sense of desperate wickedness, and the elderly peer is drawn by Mr. Arthur Wontner in a few amazed and amusing lines.



**Public Benefactor:** Sir Robert Rawley (Walter Fitzgerald) has a last interview with his son (Hugh Burden) who, believed a dead lion, proves to be a living wolf



**On the Run:** Hugh Burden as the rascal to whom a war memorial is very nearly raised in error



**The Earl of Clandon** (Arthur Wontner) visiting Sir Robert's to discuss the war memorial, finds himself side-tracked by Aunt Jessica (Nan Braunton), the crystal gazer and inspired gossip



**Comprehension Dawns** upon Sir Robert in spite of the attempt of his wife (Rachel Kempson) to assure him that his son 'was the very soul of honour and did indeed die a hero's death





**JACOB EPSTEIN** the famous sculptor, surveys his bronze "The Visitation," which has recently been placed in Battersea Park for the open-air exhibition of sculpture. The setting—the sub-tropical garden of the park—has been specially restored and modified to show the statues to the best advantage, and they will be on view until mid-September. The exhibition covers the last fifty years of English and European development, and work in progress is on view as well as figures already famous. It is intended to be the first of a series of such exhibitions to be held, possibly, every two years, to show sculpture as a living art



Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations  
by Hoffmang]

# At The Pictures

## Out of the Doldrums

PERHAPS it is as well that the oncoming wave of American films should break gently upon us in a faint ripple of slapstick comedy. Had the first film out of bond been a Hollywood masterpiece we might have been plunged into quite uncalled-for remorse at the thought of the mythical treasures we had been missing these months since the seventy-five per cent film tax was introduced. We might have forgotten how crude, moronic and generally deplorable Hollywood films had become so that most of us were only too thankful when the steady supply was dammed; and we might never have missed them but that the stoppage coincided with a headlong decline in the quality of British films.

There was the rub. Nobody could deny that British films have been in the doldrums these several months. Between the tax and *Hamlet* I remember barely a handful of tolerable home-made films and not more than two that were wholly satisfactory each in its own class. The rest have ranged from the drab and worthy, via the tawdry and novelettish, to the expensive and dull, with plunges into the brutality and sadism which came to be the only soil in which British film characters could thrive. So chronic has this condition become that it has sometimes seemed as though the best hope of salvation lay in the kind of total breakdown from which a fresh start must be made.

Nobody can pretend that British studios have made these months of isolation splendid. The best they have been able to do is to keep our cinemas more or less open with a supply of junk that would in normal times never have seen the lights of the West End. *Hamlet* arrived just in time to close the sorry chapter in a blaze of glory and—whatever the pedant-purists may say—to restore our self-respect as a nation of film-makers.

Meanwhile there have all the time been the reissues to remind us that Hollywood had established standards of technical accomplishment and, what was more, of efficient entertainment never securely mastered by British companies, who could bring off an occasional masterpiece but hardly ever a competent comedy or romance. By the time the film agreement was signed we were almost ready, I think, to believe that all the films waiting to come out of bond would arrive wearing an Academy Award (as do *A Double Life* and *Gentlemen's Agreement*, the next on the list).

Such expectations would certainly have been disappointed. It would be invidious—and indeed impossible—to judge the prospective pictures in advance. But with few exceptions the programme promises to bring us the same old stars, the same old directors, and the same old formulae as before the tax.

So the forerunner of the new imports may help to put things in perspective. *The Bride Goes Wild*, at the Empire, might have been made at

any time in the history of Hollywood. It is more like a store of the most surefire comedy two-reelers strung together on a thin thread of story than a new season's inspiration.

Even the story is not exactly original. "Uncle Bumps," writer of popular books for children, is really an irresponsible young drunkard played by Van Johnson. The winner of the contest to illustrate his current children's tale—which promises to be a plagiarism of "Ferdinand the Bull"—is a demure young schoolteacher (June Allyson) of teetotal and good works background. The first half of the film is spent finding excuses for the author which will convince the artist; the second has to be spun out to keep them apart for the requisite footage of film.

NORMAN TAUROG has been directing these very gags, and most of us have been laughing at them, since we were barely out of the nursery. The essential is that they are still funny when they are as neatly timed, when the dialogue is as lightly pointed, and the playing as attractive as June Allyson's in the scene where her author gets her drunk on "coffee Tasmania."

I have seen that scene a hundred times, I don't think drunk scenes are very funny and I never know Miss Allyson at first sight from a dozen other Hollywood starlets. But the timing of the silly scene makes laughter irresistible, and disposes the spectator to go on giggling weakly, right up to the classic car chase with two of Hollywood's best supporting players, Hume Cronyn and Una Merkel, tacked on in a trailer. I could not understand why the suety Van Johnson had been cast until I detected his resemblance to gap-toothed, freckled-faced Butch Jenkins, who is one of Hollywood's most supportable tough brats, and supplies controlled sobstuff as well as uncontrolled knockabout. Frogs in pockets, ants down backs, kicks on shins, his methods will appeal to anybody whose memory is not atrophied.

Taurog, I have the impression, used to direct *Our Gang* comedies and this humour is just about *Our Gang* level. But it does cause laughter, of a simple sort, and that in itself is a relief. I can only remember laughing heartily at one film since *Bachelor Knight* (just before the ban); and if, to be adult, a film has to be censorable, I shall be grateful to be taken so smoothly back to the nursery.

By a coincidence, the new British film, *Bond Street*, at the Warner, also aims at entertainment with an episodic picture of the private pathos, melodrama, romance and comedy behind the delivery of a bride's wedding-dress, veil, pearls, and bouquet.

Infosar as this may betoken a change of heart in our studios it may be welcomed as a well-timed change. Unfortunately the episodes are remark-

ably uneven, partly through the ineptitude which gives so many British films the consistency of a soufflé that has turned both leathery and soggy; partly through the failure of the director (Gordon Parry) to set with certainty the mood for each episode.

An "On with the Motley" episode for the seamstress (Kathleen Harrison), who is worrying about her daughter in hospital while not only the wedding-dress but another special order for a rich customer (Adrianne Allen) has to be finished, might and should have been poignant. By a combination of facetiousness and exaggeration it is only rather embarrassing, although I liked Adrianne Allen's gracious simplicity as the customer who, by a strange coincidence, wants the dress not for a cocktail-party but to meet her wounded son back from the wars.

The scene in which a thief and murderer who has stolen a pearl necklace takes refuge in the top floor flat of one of the ladies of Bond Street is very well acted by Jean Kent, giving as it were a study for the later stages of *Good Time Girl*, and Derek Farr. This should have been effective melodrama and perhaps might still be salvaged by more adept editing. Miss Kent, after being shot in cold blood while she kissed her visitor good-bye, should never have been allowed to drag out the episode with a stomach-crawl to the landing for a dying roll down the stairs.

THE invisible mender's, where the veil has to be sent, is the scene for a mildly pleasant sentimental interlude. Ronald Howard is more at ease than I have previously seen him, although he plays a customer who comes in to have his trousers mended and stays to save the workgirl (Patricia Plunkett) from her vicious spiv of a blackmailing husband (Kenneth Griffith). All three types are convincing, although the story, like that of the first episode, is a potted novelette.

Only the last episode really comes off, thanks to the polished comedy acting of Roland Young as the bride's father and dialogue of, we surmise, Terence Rattigan. Robert Fleming is a gaily embarrassed bridegroom and Paula Valenska plays his determined Danish past with amusing exuberance and, not surprisingly as Miss Valenska is a Czech actress, a very un-Danish accent. This is the only episode which made me feel anywhere near Bond Street (not excepting the dress-shop of the first). It bubbles along with the gay absurdity to which we are accustomed from Mr. Rattigan on the stage and of which our films could do with very much more.

*Bond Street* has more bright ideas than most recent British pictures. But the British film industry has failed to rise to its great opportunity. If the return of Hollywood competition spurs our script-writers in particular, and our studios in general, to emulate Hollywood standards of efficiency and workmanship, we shall get a return for our dollars.



## MERIEL FORBES

married Sir Ralph Richardson in 1944, and they have a three-year-old son and heir, Charles David. Miss Forbes is at present appearing with her husband in Romilly Cavan's new comedy at Wyndham's Theatre, *Royal Circle*. The play, which is set in a mythical country, has Ralph Richardson—who is also the producer—as Kirg Marcus, whilst Merial Forbes plays Madame Fantina, the king's mistress. Born in London in 1913, Miss Forbes made her first appearance on the stage in 1929. She has also appeared in numerous films, having made her début as a screen actress in 1934. During 1940-41 she worked in the V.A.D., and subsequently joined Norman Marshall's company in 1943, playing Milly Smith in *A Soldier for Christmas*, a part which she repeated again the following year.







*George Bilainkin.*

## AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. the Hon. Ramon J. Fernandez, the Philippine Minister

new Republic of the Philippines at the Court of St. James's. His mission is to build the friendliest relations between Britain and the 18,000,000 inhabitants, mostly of Malayan stock and Roman Catholic religion, on the eight large and 7000 lesser islands, whose area is a little larger than that of the United Kingdom.

TALL, courteous in the old-world manner, possessing an astonishing facility for recalling names, facts and dates, the Minister puffs away at a local Corona as he glances back at a long, colourful progress round the world. After studying mathematics in Spanish and nearly every other subject in Latin at the ancient University of Manila, Fernandez discovered that, thanks to revolutions and the war in which Spain lost the Philippines to the U.S.A., his family were poor. He went to London to study English, in schools at Hampstead and Kensington. At Faraday House he learnt a new science and became an Associate of the Institution of Electrical Engineers.

A wealthy relative ordered him to buy machinery for a brewery with which he has maintained an association all his life, and he saw much of England in the process. He also visited Guinness's in Dublin and many works in the U.S.A. On the way from Switzerland with his convalescing wife, Fernandez escaped capture by the roaming German warship Emden. Shortly afterwards he travelled to offer 12,000 troops from the Philippines to President Wilson, but Wilson politely declined them. Yet the call gave pleasure, for Fernandez still treasures Wilson's signature recognising him as Argentina's Consul in Manila in 1915.

Stirring days followed as Mayor of Manila, during which he cleaned up the city's opium dens. Then, rather than consent to the reappointment of a certain police officer, Fernandez resigned after differences with the U.S. Governor-General. The Philippine Ministers (Secretaries then) resigned with him, and he became Senator of the first district. He led the Landed Estates Survey Committee, which parcelled out many of the largest estates among 30,000 small owners, and became chairman of the National Urban Planning Committee.

BUT it has not been a career without suffering. When the Japanese discovered that Fernandez's shipping company was operating fourteen restaurants during the war, and that Allied guerillas were meeting in them, they maltreated delicate Mrs. Fernandez and questioned Fernandez in the dungeons of Fort Santiago for periods as long as sixteen hours.

Stoutly religious, Fernandez smiles, for the Republic is at last independent, though American troops remain in some places. But the Roosevelt promise of freedom by July 1946 (in gratitude for services rendered during the war) has been kept. The people of the Philippines rejoice to join the comity of nations. And the Minister remembers that on the day before he left home one of his horses won the local Derby. . . .

PAST crowded Loughborough Junction a youthful Filipino shift engineer employed by the South London Electricity Company walked towards his guinea-a-week lodgings. His friends were fitters, firemen, stokers. There was no bath in the house he lived in, and so he patronised the neighbouring public baths.

To-day the guest of precisely fifty years ago is again in London, as His Excellency the Hon. Ramon J. Fernandez, first Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the



The Iraqi Ambassador, Prince Zeid El-Hussein, and the Princess receiving the Burmese Ambassador's wife and daughters, Lady Maung Gye and the Misses Lily and Gwenneth Maung Gye, at the reception given in honour of King Feisal of Iraq's thirteenth birthday

## To Celebrate King Feisal's Birthday



Princess Zeid El-Hussein, who is an accomplished artist, greets Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Foreign Minister, who was present with Mrs. Bevin



The Begum Habib Ibrahim Rahimtoola, wife of the High Commissioner for Pakistan, was another of the guests



H.E. Mme. Rais, wife of the Persian Ambassador, with Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys and her sister, Miss Farman



# The Harlequin R.F.C. Ball



Three of the guests at the Harlequin Rugby Football Club's Annual Ball, held recently: Mrs. Butler, Mr. A. G. Butler, the England International, and Mrs. C. A. Watson. The Harlequins were finalists in the Middlesex Seven-a-side Tournament in the season just ended



Mr. H. J. Gould (Harlequins and Surrey), Chairman of the Ball Committee, and Mr. H. Graham Davies (Harlequins and Gloucester)



Col. A. A. Moller, who is a Vice-President and Trustee of the Harlequins, with Mrs. Moller



Mrs. R. C. Thompson and Mr. Howard Barnes, who were two more of the guests at this enjoyable event



Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Beeson sitting out for refreshment. The Ball was held at the Hyde Park Hotel



At one of the supper tables. Standing: Miss Atkinson, Mr. Colin Bishop (Blackheath), Dr. F. J. Nahapiet, Mr. Colin Laird (former England International). Sitting: Mrs. R. C. Thompson, Mr. Howard Barnes, Mrs. F. Nahapiet, Mr. R. C. Thompson, Mrs. Howard Barnes, Mr. G. Wasey and Mrs. W. J. Armitage





*George Roper, Cirencester*

*Earl Bathurst (right), with his mother, Lady Apsley, and his brother, the Hon. George Bathurst, in the drawing-room of their home, Cirencester Park, during the recent celebrations of his coming-of-age. He is the eighth holder of the title, and succeeded his grandfather in 1943, his father having been killed in action in 1942. The Earl and his brother are wearing the blues of the 10th (Royal) Hussars*

*Jennifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

**Court News:** Many happy returns of the day to Queen Mary, the beloved Queen Mother, who celebrates her birthday to-day, May 26th. By a happy thought of the King, the visit of the Swiss Folk Lore Concert Party to Buckingham Palace, originally planned for yesterday, has been postponed until to-day. This was a graceful and fittingly simple token of the anniversary of her Majesty, whom it is difficult to think of as being eighty-one years of age. Queen Mary, true to her own long tradition, insisted that her birthday should be observed purely as a family occasion, and accordingly there will be no official celebrations to mark the day.

**T**HE visit of the King and Queen to Birmingham fulfilled a dual purpose, since it not only gave them an opportunity of visiting the heavy industries section of the B.I.F., but also enabled them

to accept formally from the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the city, Birmingham's Silver Wedding present, a canteen of Birmingham silver cutlery.

Young Lord Plunket was in attendance on the King for this function. With him in the Royal party were the Countess of Halifax, in waiting on the Queen, and Major Edward Ford, in attendance as Assistant Private Secretary to the King. Lord Willoughby de Broke received the Royal visitors at New Street Station in his office as Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire, and he and Lady Willoughby accompanied the King and Queen on their visit to the Fair, after the Lord Mayor's luncheon party at the Town Hall.

**T**HE presence of the King and Queen, with Princess Elizabeth, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret, made the first night of that superb picture,

*Hamlet*, at the Odeon, Leicester Square, one of the most brilliant of film premières. Their Majesties, who sat in the flower-bedecked Royal box, were met on their arrival by the Earl of Cromer, President of the Council of the King George's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses, which benefited by more than £9,000 from the première.

**W**ITH Lord Cromer were the Countess of Birkenhead, Chairman of the Committee, Dame Irene Vanbrugh, the Deputy Chairman, Mr. Henry Passmore, Hon. Secretary of the Fund, and Mr. J. Arthur Rank.

Others I saw there included the Earl and Countess of Hopetoun, who sat in the Royal box; the charming and kindly Countess of Cromer, elegant in dark-red velvet; the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Rank, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys,



with whom the Queen stopped and had a word on her way out; Lady Cripps and her daughter, Lady Ricketts, sitting near Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bevin and Mr. Herbert Morrison; and Sir Alfred and Danish-born Lady Suenson-Taylor. Also in the audience were Earl and Countess Beatty, Eileen Herlie and Jean Simmons, who are both excellent in the parts of the Queen and Ophelia respectively; Lady Crosfield, escorted by her tall and witty nephew, Mr. Paul Crosfield; Lady Eden, wearing a most attractive fascinator; Mr. Max Ways, just over from New York; Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer, and many stars of the stage and screen.

**T**HE Iraqi Ambassador and Princess Zeid El-Hussein gave their first big party in the new Iraqi Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens, to celebrate the thirteenth birthday of King Feisal II. of Iraq. This fine house, which suffered badly from bomb damage during the war, has now been repaired, and the reception rooms decorated under the guidance of Princess Zeid El-Hussein, who is a most clever artist. In all the rooms vases of mixed spring flowers and branches of white gardenias stood out in their beauty against the pale-green walls. The Princess, who is a delightful hostess, wore the most exquisite diamond necklace with her black lace dress.

Guests included Members of the Cabinet and of both Houses of Parliament, and many members of the Corps Diplomatique. Mr. Ernest Bevin, who came early and stayed late, was with Mrs. Bevin, and the High Commissioner for Pakistan was there with Mme. Rahimtoola, who told me about the variety show she is organising with a committee in aid of the Pakistan Refugee Relief Fund. It is to be held at the New Scala Theatre on May 27th. Mme. Massigli was the centre of a group of friends, discussing the visit of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh to Paris. Mrs. Beasley was near by, and saying that she and her husband, the High Commissioner for Australia, hope at long last to take a holiday. Many people were asking M. Escher, the Swiss Chargé d'Affaires, about the health of Mme. Paul Ruegger, who was ill with pneumonia before she left with her husband, the former Minister in London, for Switzerland; he was able to give them good news of her recovery.

**L**ADY EDEN gave a most enjoyable dance recently for Miss Monica Battine. It was held at Lady Eden's home in Victoria Road, where she has a fine studio, which easily converts into a ballroom. The heroine of the evening, who is a very charming girl, wore an off-the-shoulder black velvet dress. Lady Eden's two eldest daughters also looked most attractive, Ann wearing a dress made from gold brocade, which her brother John brought home from India last year; with it she wore the pearl-and-diamond heirloom necklace which belonged at one time to Emmeline Eden, the authoress.

Her younger sister, Rose, was in a filmy dress of blue-grey tulle.

Before the dance, Sir Timothy and Lady Eden had a dinner-party of about thirty guests, who included Prince Robert of Austria, Miss Caroline Lascelles, the Hon. Alatheia Fitzalan-Howard, the Hon. Grania O'Brien, Col. Remington-Hobbs, the Hon. Luke White, Lord and Lady Annally's son, who has inherited his parents' quiet charm; Mr. Laurence Whistler and the Hon. Martin Buckmaster. Other dinner-parties for the dance were given by Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, who had a party of sixteen at Claridges, including young Miss Raine McCorquodale, with her fiancé, Mr. Gerald Legge, Lady Olivia Tylour, Mr. Archie Kidson, who told me he is shortly going on a tour round the world for a year, and tall Mr. David Metcalfe.



*Jane and Susan Angel, aged nine months and two years respectively, daughters of Major and Mrs. Daniel Angel. Major Angel is Vice-Chairman of the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship, and Mrs. Angel is the eldest daughter of Mr. Vivian Van Damm, owner of the Windmill Theatre*

Another dinner-party at Claridges for the dance was given by Mr. and Mrs. Brian Buchel. Their guests included Donna Louisa Gallarati-Scotti, daughter of the Italian Ambassador, and her cousin Donna Cecilia Gallarati-Scotti, who is on a visit here. Also in the party were Miss Jane Taylor, Mr. Francis Dashwood, who has got his degree at Oxford and is off to America in the early autumn for a course at Harvard University, and Mr. Patrick Mathews. Other dinner hostesses for the dance were Mrs. Magnay, Patricia Lady Cottenham, Mrs. Alan Adair and Mrs. Ronald Senior.

Others I saw enjoying this very good dance included Mrs. Audrey Battine, who a few days later gave a successful cocktail party at her house in Chapel Street; Mr. and Mrs. Tony

Havelock-Allan, Miss Susanna MacEachen, who is most vivacious and always in great demand at parties; Mr. John Eden, helping his mother to look after her guests; attractive Miss Juliet Adair, who came out earlier this year; Mrs. Rennie O'Mahony, who brought Air/Cdre. Bennet and the Hon. Timothy Lowther; and Miss Lavinia Tower, Mr. Ronald Senior, Major Guy Knight, Mr. Philip Bryant and Mr. Gavin Welby, who had just returned from America, where he had managed to fit in a little pleasure with a lot of business.

**J**UNE starts off with the Airborne Ball at the Savoy on the 2nd, the Oaks on the 2nd and the Derby on the 5th at Epsom; also on the 5th will be the Fourth of June celebrations at Eton. On June 6th the London Musical Festival opens at Harringay Indoor Arena. On June 7th the D'Oyly Carte Company will open for an eight-weeks season at Sadler's Wells with *The Gondoliers*. On June 9th, Princess Alice has promised to be present at the ball to be held at the Dorchester in aid of the National Children's Adoption Association.

On the 10th there is to be the picturesque Trooping of the Colour on Horse Guards Parade. The three-day Royal Richmond Horse Show opens on this date, also the Antique Dealers' Fair at Grosvenor House, from June 10th to 25th. Downside are holding their first post-war Ascot Dance (June 11th) at the Dorchester, and on June 14th May Week opens at Cambridge with the Christ's and Clare College balls. On June 15th the four-day Royal race meeting starts at Ascot, and during that week there will also be the Guards Club Ball at Maidenhead on the 16th. Commemoration week starts at Oxford with "Commem" Sunday on June 20th, and on June 21st Wimbledon Tennis Championships open, and, weather permitting, will close with the finals on July 3rd. On June 22nd Their Majesties the King and Queen go north for the Highland Show at Inverness on June 23rd and 24th. The Eton-Winchester match is to be played this year at Eton on June 25th and 26th, and on June 28th the Cheltenham Festival of Music, Drama and Art, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, opens until July 10th.

**I** HAVE heard of more dates fixed for débutante dances. On June 2nd, Mrs. Bertram Currie is giving a dance for her daughter at the Hyde Park Hotel. June 3rd has been chosen by Mr. Lowry-Corry and his sister, Mrs. Arthur Paget, for the dance they are giving jointly for their daughters, Josephine Corry and Rosalind Paget. The Hon. James Philipps has chosen June 15th for the dance he is giving for his débutante daughter, Penelope, at the Hyde Park Hotel. On June 17th, Mrs. Battine is giving a dance for her daughter Monica. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bull have chosen June 23rd for the dance for their daughter Diana, at Claridges, and on July 6th Lady Acland and Mrs. George Gibson are giving a small dance jointly for their débutante daughters, Sally Acland and Mary Gibson.



*Among the company of more than 350 at the ball were Miss Scott and Dr. and Mrs. Michael Gibson*



*The Hon. Michael Roper-Curzon, younger son of Lord Teynham, Lord and Lady Ebbisham, Lady Teynham and Capt. Lord Teynham, who received the guests*



*Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Grace with Mr. and Mrs. George Bennett, of Slough. The ball was held at the Hyde Park Hotel*

### The Primrose League Holds Its Annual Ball in Knightsbridge

*Rimis*





*Dancers executing movements of the new Reel, which is a gracious yet light-hearted measure, fully worthy to rank with those of tradition*

## DANCING THE NEW EDINBURGH REEL AT THE TARTAN BALL

The Highland Cultural Development Committee recently held a most successful Tartan Ball at the Dorchester, a prominent feature of which was the dancing of the new Edinburgh Reel devised in honour of Princess Elizabeth



*Among the guests were Miss J. Duncan (Robertson Tartan), Lt. W. J. Kessler, Miss D. Wilson (Campbell Tartan), Capt. G. E. A. Yates (Cameron Tartan), Miss A. Duncan and Capt. Derek Brierley, R.H.A.*



*A supper party including Mrs. Amphlett, Capt. E. P. C. Amphlett, Mrs. Macdonald-Murray, Major C. Macdonald-Murray, Mrs. J. Arnot-Stobie and Miss Pauline Squires*



*Miss Frances Wilson wearing the Gunn Tartan and Mr. James Minnis the Gordon Tartan*



*Lord Sempill, who is a Representative Peer for Scotland, with Mme. Over Hoff, a guest from Vienna*



*Miss Ann Broughton-Adderley and Lt. D. Duncan-Macpherson score particularly striking dress*





Major C. Macdonald-Murray (Convener of the Committee) and Mrs. J. Arnot-Stobie taking part in the Edinburgh Reel, the principal figure of which is performed by three instead of the usual four dancers





## Priscilla in Paris Spinelly is Back

THIS week we have welcomed Spinelly back to the Paris stage, and her many admirers are flocking to the Bouffes-Parisiens theatre to hear that unique little diseuse and comédienne in the revival of Maurice Yvain's amusing musical comedy, *Pas sur la Bouche*. The production was "dressed" in the fashion current during the year of its creation—1922—when "elegant females" wore their waist line round their hips, evening skirts were knee-length, hats of extinguisher design, and endless chains of beads dangled from necks and wrists. One had to be a pocket Venus like "Spi" to survive such an ordeal.

WALTER GOETZ, the British artist whose work was so often seen in these glossy pages before the war, is having an exhibition here at the Roux-Hentschel Gallery in the Rue de la Boétie. Wishing to see the pictures, I was there well before the crowd on Varnishing Day, but nevertheless I met Mme. Bonnier de la Chapelle wearing an attractively new-look Molyneux; the Canadian actress Meg Lemonnier—in private life Mme. Godet—who is resting after her recent appearance in the Noel Coward play at the Théâtre Antoine; Miss Dorothy Swainson, and Mme. de Corby.

I know very little about Art with a big A, and have never mastered the correct jargon. I can only say that Walter Goetz's work is very personal, alive and, to my way of thinking, must be very agreeable to live with, since it

would not please the picture-postcard or the Christmas-supplement schools. His colours, though extraordinarily vivid, are never blatant, and he expresses the very atmosphere of the French countryside, as well as of this beautiful city, in his landscapes and street scenes, urban and suburban.

THE Hotel de Lauzun, where the Paris Council had the honour of entertaining Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, is one of the finest of the many old mansions that stand on the Ile St. Louis, in the old-world heart of Paris. It was built in 1650, and it was there that the Duc de Lauzun, who was made a Knight of the Garter for his services to James II.,

sheltered the exiled monarch when he escaped to France after the landing of William of Orange. Later it changed hands many times; was bought by the Council in 1898, sold again, and yet again re-bought. At one time Baudelaire and Théophile Gautier lived there. Nowadays it is rarely used, and the popular opinion is that this historic building might well be thrown open to the public as a museum.

THE new Michelin Guide for 1948 is out and is, as usual, a best-seller in the book world. That it costs about ten shillings is as nothing compared to the services it renders to motoring visitors to France. It is compiled by Bibendum and his satellites, sea-green incorruptibles all of them, and the hotels and restaurants that they have "starred" are truly worthy of the award. Gaps will be found, alas! While Paris has been spared, many provincial towns and villages, where pre-war gourmets enjoyed succulent repasts, are still in ruins. But other charming *auberges* have sprung up, and many famous hotels have been restored. Historical monuments and picturesque sites are pointed out for the sightseers. The addresses of mechanics and service stations in every town are set down, and the probable state of mountain roads and any difficult passages are given. It was G. B. Stern, I think, who wrote in her travel book, entitled *Bouquet*, about the wine districts of France, that the *Guide Michelin* was more entertaining than any romance.

### Voilà!

● Mlle. Durand, aged eighty, was laying down the law to her descendants anent her own funeral. "I must have flowers! Beautiful flowers of all kinds and colours!" she stated. "But no, grand-aunt," protested her favourite niece, "the flowers must all be white!" "How dull!" cried Auntie. "Why only white?" "Because you never married, darling!" The old lady thought it over, and . . . "You can add a dash of mauve," she coyly declared.

## Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd Gives a Cocktail Party for the "Outward Bound" Ball



Mrs. John Gwynne with her mother, Lady Morrison-Bell, wife of Sir Clive Morrison-Bell, Bt.



Sir John Mactaggart (a Vice-President), Capt. M. Turner-Bridger, Mrs. Ian Mactaggart, Miss Patricia Graham, Miss Pollen and Mr. Ian Mactaggart (Joint-Treasurer)

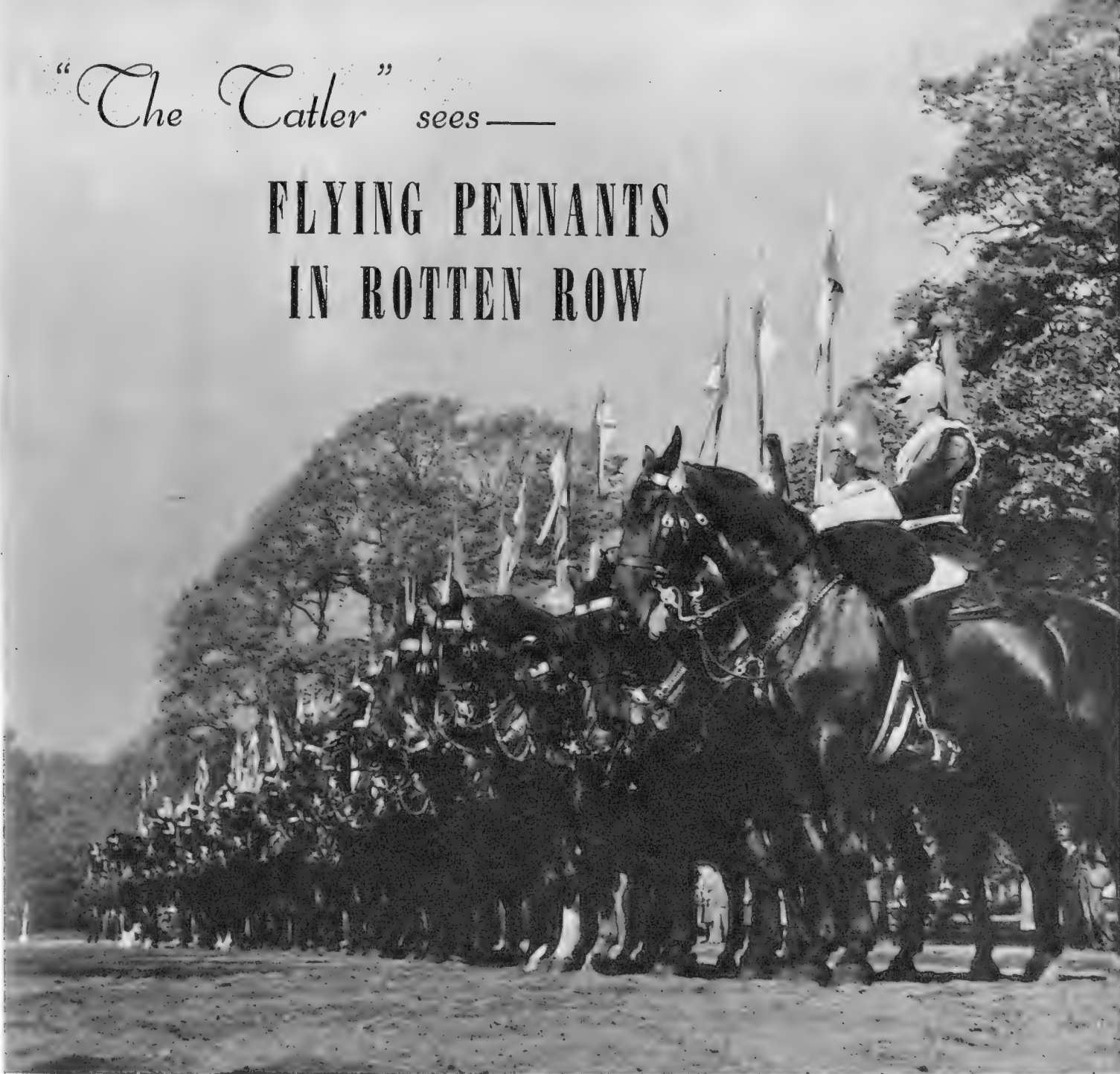


The hostess, who is Chairman of the Ball, with her sister-in-law, Lady Elisabeth More O'Ferrall



"The Tatler" sees —

## FLYING PENNANTS IN ROTTEN ROW



*Troopers and horses of the Household Cavalry drawn up in line before starting a rehearsal*

### REHEARSING THE MUSICAL RIDE

**M**ATUTINAL strollers near the Albert Memorial have enjoyed an unusual privilege during the last few weeks. They have been able to watch the Life Guards and the Blues practising in full dress for their combined Musical Ride, which is to be one of the outstanding events of the Royal Tournament at Olympia from June 10th to 26th. With Rotten Row as a parade-ground, and the spring foliage of Kensington Gardens setting off the glitter of their equipment, they have spent from 8.30 to 10 o'clock every morning from Monday to Friday working up to that traditional precision which remains a wonder no matter how often it is witnessed—and the opportunities nowadays are all too few

**T**HIRTY-TWO men, four trumpeters and a drummer, drawn from the barracks at London and Windsor, are taking part in the Ride, which has been arranged by the Equitation Officer, the Earl of Westmorland. It was first seen at the Royal Windsor Horse Show as a preliminary to the larger audiences of Olympia. As may be gathered from these pictures, those fortunate enough to witness the open-air rehearsals have found themselves enjoying one of the most pleasant and pulse-quickenings sights to be found in London

*Continued overleaf*



*This is "the waltz"*

[These photographs and those on the two following pages were taken by SWAEBE]



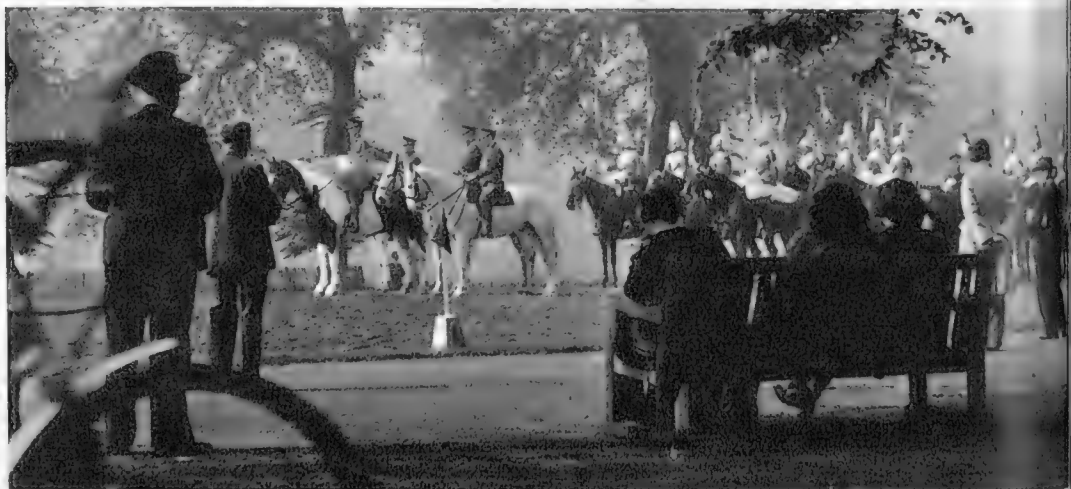
# THE MORNING DISPLAY SOUTH OF THE SERPENT



*The park glades echo to the sound of drum and trumpet as the line waits with lances lowered.*



*The Marquess of Blandford, of the Life Guards, watching a rehearsal. He is the son and heir of the Duke of Marlborough*



*Casual passers-by find themselves spectators of a brave sight in the pale spring sunshine which has not yet cleared the mists away, as the detachment prepares to move off into its intricate manoeuvres*



VE



*Regimental Corporal-Major G. H. Barratt watches the practice from a convenient one-man grandstand*



*Miss Elsie and Miss Rose Grimston, Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, Lady Kathleen Seyfried and Lady Caroline Waterhouse. Behind: Lt. John Seyfried, of the Royal Horse Guards, and the Marquess of Blandford*



*Col. Henry Abel-Smith (C.O. Household Cavalry), Col. R. Moore, Major-Gen. J. Marriott, G.O.C. London District, and the Earl of Athlone*





Joan Perry takes her horse Susan over a jump in the Children's Hunter Trials



Dawn Day jumping on Black Beauty. She was first in the Best Child's Pony event



A critical moment in the interesting and amusing children's sack race



Younger followers were prominent in the hunter trials and gymkhana held by the Romney Marsh Harriers at Hayes Farm, Northiam. Tony Brown is seen in mid-air as he "cat-jumps" the brushwood in the Children's Hunter Trials

## ROMNEY MARSH HARRIERS' GYMKHANA



Mr. Alec Piper, Master of the Romney Marsh, brought the hounds along to the event



Ann Johnson on Amber jumping confidently during the Children's Hunter Trials



Walter Effner, Bexhill  
The Misses Nesfield, of the Mid-Kent Staghounds, taking the water jump during the Inter-Hunt Trials





The cobra stung by a publisher to the tempo and background of Hieronymus Bosch

## D. B. Wyndham Lewis

## Standing By ...

THAT curious Nordic passion for snapshotting the Picturesque ("... and this is Mums, by the Great Pyramid. No, that's Mums, In the topee") got a couple of Americans into trouble recently with the police of the personage who calls himself Marshal Tito, we observe. This is constantly happening.

Not that the practice is invariably harmful. Indeed, it has its uses, as we first perceived while watching two schoolmarmes in the French Pyrenees taking endless trouble to pose a handsome old Basque peasant, complete with beret, smock, and *maquila*, against a pelota-court. The finance end rather bothered them, and had they asked our advice before giving him ten francs we'd have supplied it gladly, as follows:

"Make it twenty."

"Surely a typical old peasant from the Val d'Ossau wouldn't expect that much?"

"No, but a typical old actor from Paris does."

We guessed the dear old man was down for the season because of his excessive wrinkles and incredible doddering. However, they gave him ten, and as they tripped away he cursed them in the argot of Montmartre, which they took to be a blessing in Basic Basque.

## Teat

SO much of the national reverence for *Alice in Wonderland* is patently insincere that we doubt if the whooping of the Press boys over the return of Lewis Carroll's MS. from America means very much.

It's the dons who are entitled to the whoop, and that one of their horde, a very priggish mathematical type, should have produced a masterpiece of pure nonsense for the MS. of which an American millionaire was willing to pay £15,000 quite recently. Most academic nonsense sells cheaply and is soon forgotten. We picked up a thick, learned treatise by a female don, proving St. Joan of Arc to be a diabolist, for eighteenpence quite recently. It was quite as funny in places as *Alice*, and well worth two shillings.

As for *Alice*, we now savour it chiefly as the sublimation of a cosy, rosy, sheltered existence like a perpetual summer-afternoon teatime on cedar lawns. Beyond the distant railings gibber hideous nightmare shapes out of Hieronymus Bosch, but you don't see or hear them. More chocolate-cake, Mr. Carroll?

## Ration

FRANKLY describing horsemeat as "horsemeat" (and not as "Steak Chatsworth"), one of the gossip-boys has wonderingly remarked that queues for this diet are the biggest in London. Like conscription (or "compulsory volunteering"), it is now a permanent feature of the Race's existence, having been less than fifty years ago the exclusive mark of Lesser Breeds.

It's such a short time since the horse was Britain's Sacred Cow that a sullen nervousness we detected on the mottled pans of a provincial Hunt last winter may not be pure imagination.

Hunting people, normally governed by fear and rage, are plainly beginning to wonder when the Race will start on them. You rightly say nobody could masticate some of the leathery babies who ride to hounds. However, many plum-coloured M.F.H.s are as tasty as Little Billee in the poem, and they know it, and see it in the glaring eyes of the *jacquerie*. Some day, maybe, the Hunt Secretary will say irritably: "Another letter, dammit, from that blasted hag at the Pines!" The Master will grunt: "Wantin' to sue us?" and the Secretary will snarl: "Wantin' to eat us."

A long silence will follow, recalling the final curtain of *Pelléas et Mélisande*.

ARKEL: She was only a poor little human thing, so tender, so timid. . . . How did she go down?

PELL: Well.

(Long silence.)

## Chum

HAVING nothing better to do, the Zoo boys are asking the populace to find a name for a fierce newly-arrived 9-ft. King Cobra which attacks on sight. Such a task is child's play to anyone mixing with the inky racket, one need hardly add.

Before deciding, nevertheless, one would have to know whether this snake is up to form. There is an historic case (1925) of a cobra which was stung by a publisher and died. The summing-up of Mr. Justice Cheese, dismissing the Zoo's subsequent action in the High Court, is often quoted in booksy circles:

In this case the laugh is on you, Zoo. Dopes who buy sissy snakes—why, hello, Mrs. Golightly!

A luncheon-date with a delicious little blonde in the Public Gallery having ensued, the Court adjourned. What his lordship had meant to add, doubtless, was that the cobra should have been tried on a critic first, the Critic Fringe being weaker and more neurotic, as a sympathetic verse records:

By booksy marvels seared and torn and shattered,  
Miss Yoop went nuts last week; not that it  
mattered.

Meanwhile we can think of nothing more suitable than "Dirty Gertie."

## Comeback

BULLYING birds and pestering them with silly questions is such a habit with poets that we wish our favourite Nature boy had been right when he recently alleged that the curlew has so far escaped this annoyance. The curlew, in fact, was smartly rapped by the poet Yeats some time ago for reminding him, with its melancholy crying, of

Passion-dimmed eyes and long heavy hair  
That was shaken out over my breast. . . .

For which reason Mr. Yeats requested the curlew to get the hell out of it, if one may lightly paraphrase. No reply is recorded, though one would think an Irish curlew would

have more than one spirited riposte at hand. E.g.:

(a) "And is it herself, misther honey, that does be crying and screeching in the night, the way she'd have you drinking a smart drop, or maybe lepping to the stars above, and you destroyed with making fine sporty rhymes would charm the fleas off McClusky's goat?"

(b) "I'll quit off from here surely, for it's a hard thing, God save us, the way a decent poet would have a bird crying in the red dawn and she not laying a bit of an egg. *Slaun lath, now, a chara*, and the back of my beak to ye."

## Afterthought

ANY quickwitted English skylark could have replied equally fittingly to an absurd and celebrated query by another master-dreamer, one feels. Thus:

Listen, Mr. Shelley—  
Bird, my friend, I am;  
Worms delight my belly,  
Seeds my gizzard cram;

So a fig for Art, for which I do not give a damn.

Birds and women, alas, are the natural prey of poets. One can't help being sorry for birds.

## Hobo

PROBABLY the last free man in Great Britain, a tramp named Fred Husband, with over 140,000 miles to his credit, has chucked in his hand, we note.

So Utopia wins and the novelists lose (they were over-keen, perhaps, on the type of tramp, cribbed from Matthew Arnold, who suddenly quotes Horace). This situation is due to the fact that British tramps are not a Trade Union, like American hoboes, and do not write to the Press, like Irish tramps, criticising the populace. But the patron of tramps, St. Benedict-Joseph Labre, would himself be unable nowadays to wander all over Europe as was possible in the 18th century; and where is that bright-eyed bearded little gnome in rags we met some time ago on a Surrey heath, singing merrily and grilling a damaged bloater on a stick? Amid hordes of bowler-hatted serfs trotting morosely to the City train he represented absolute and enviable freedom, due to owning nothing whatsoever.

Mr. Husband's exit illustrates the imminent doom of a civilisation, the moral health of a nation being in direct ratio to the number of its beggars inspiring public charity. This fact makes economists squeak with rage like bath-night for the Harem Guard at the Grand Serail, Constantinople; which is great fun.



"An Irish curlew"





Topham, Sidcup

**A Smart Turn-Out from Woolwich.** During a recent outing to a military display, four of Woolwich Garrison's nine horses were driven in the Garrison coach by Brig. F. C. F. Cleeve, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., Commander of the Garrison. With him on the coach are Mrs. Cleeve, Lt.-Col. H. C. R. Gillman, C.B.E., Capt. G. Hamilton-Jones, M.B.E., Mrs. Hamilton-Jones, and the whip, Sgt. J. Dalkin

## Sabretache

# Pictures in the Fire

BEING quick off the mark is usually most commendable: being premature frequently is the very reverse. It is probable that those who gave Jock Scot such a tremendous ovation in the Press, after a couple of quick wins at Salisbury and Sandown with nothing behind him of much blandishment, may now wish they had paused to take breath. He was fairly and squarely knocked out at Chester, where the Ring demanded, and got, too to 7. This Press boost caused this colt to become third favourite for the Derby, and even after what happened at Chester the bookmakers seemed a bit afraid of opening their shoulders and hitting out.

The main point, however, is this: that there was no justification whatever for this chorus of praise, and even if he had won at Chester, I for one should say the same thing as I do now. All the prophets may well be wrong about My Babu, The Cobbler and Black Tarquin, and it now looks a bit that way, and something may burst from the blue and leave them all standing still at Tattenham Corner; but on the evidence before the court, even when it is painted so vivid a pink, there is not, and there has not been, any justification for inducing the credulous to put their money on Jock Scot. At the same time, there are many who decline to accept any Chester form, and class it with an Alexandra Park gallop.

### Not Proven

THERE is a good deal to support this view. It is not every horse can gallop his best round a circus ring. Incidentally, I think that it would be wise to put the blue pencil through Sayajirao's Chester running, and equally not to make too much of Valognes' win in the Chester Vase. He may be a very good colt and so may Black Tarquin, though his size may be a handicap. Purely on the score of inches I should prefer My Babu. He is an active, compact horse with any amount of pace, and we don't know that he cannot stay 1½ miles; but then, we don't know this about any of them.

Recent events have upset some appraisals. *Primâ facie*, if Black Tarquin could not win at Newmarket, he has no chance at Epsom, whatever may be his prospects at Doncaster in September. As to My Babu, an over-reach is not serious unless it happens to have been up on the tendon, which his was not. It looks as though there is a great danger of another Derby going to France.

### "Dog's Nose"

POSSIBLY it was only because it would not have been quite *comme il faut* in such a place as the effervescing third leader of a most august contemporary that, in a recent

mention of the high-smelling capacity of this animal, the information that it is quite as famous a name for a drink as a White Lady or a Horse's Neck was omitted. In my experience it is the hunt servant's favourite cocktail, and it is quite unnecessary to tell the intellectual that it is compounded of one fluid now almost aristocratic, but at one time called "Mother's Ruin," and another upon which every British battle in history has been won. No wonder that it inspired someone to write a ballad called "Beer, Glorious Beer!"

As to the rest of the talented writer's remarks about dogs' noses in general, of course he is quite right, with one or two notable exceptions. The greyhound, for instance, in spite of the ocular illusion, has no nose, as that thing is understood by a huntsman of a pack of hounds, and it is very doubtful whether the bulldog, the pug, or the Pekinese could ever have been rated good line-hunters. The history of venery tells us that they never thought much of the mastiff type either, but depended almost exclusively upon the lymier, from whom, probably, our foxhound in part descends. The dog and the cat come from a common tap-root, but their scenting capacities are not comparable. The cats, as a general thing, have very little

nose. The cheetah, taking a fair example, has none at all. He hunts purely by sight, and his tremendous speed enables him to keep his quarry in view. A tiger has a very poor nose for the man taint at any rate, or how could he walk up to a kill with a human and a most destructive rifle perched in a tree just above it? The cow tribe, on the other hand, have very good noses, especially when wild. The Tsaine, or Bantim, 17 hands at the withers and extremely fierce, and the undoubted survivor of the Aurochs, which Charlemagne was so fond of hunting, will get the wind of man from an amazing distance and go straight for his enemy. The elephant, I should think, would about top the list and beat the best foxhound ever whelped.

### More Jefferies Books

THE publishers, the Lutterworth Press, write to me that they have sent me two of their recent productions of Richard Jefferies' wonderful "landscapes," *The Life of the Fields* (10s. 6d.) and *Field and Hedgerow*. Only the former has arrived, but I have no doubt that the other will prove equally worthy of a great artist in pen and ink. As has already been mentioned in these notes, the Collectors' Edition is being very ably edited by Mr. Samuel J. Looker, who has spent his whole life on Jefferies research and to whom that author is more a creed than just a writer. Messrs. Lutterworth have amply realised their obligations where printing and binding these volumes are concerned, and they co-opted Mr. Looker to write some excellent introductions.

Editor and publishers have done their work well, and so far as the former is concerned his enthusiasm and his knowledge of his subject command the success he has achieved. For myself, I think I should have chosen an artist who is a master of line to illustrate these books, for wood-cuts, however good they may be, have too hard an edge for a writer like Jefferies, who recognised that all nature's lines are soft.

These two publications under notice, I understand, are to be followed by the *Old House at Coate* and *Wild Life in a Southern County*. Jefferies was a Westerner, but later came to live in Sussex and Surrey, and Mr. Looker tells us that many of his finest essays were written under the immediate influence of these two delectable counties, but hints, nevertheless, that the author's thoughts were always in the West Country, particularly, I should think, in Wiltshire and on Exmoor. I feel that anyone who wants relaxation and escape from the pandemonium in which we are condemned to live, will find them in Jefferies' green and pleasant literary pastures. I hope so, at any rate. They are certainly a rest to one person.

## BRIGGS—by Graham



"Ah! There you are, Briggs . . ."



# Scoreboard

## WHY?

Why do the willows fall  
To plundering strokes  
If we are out first ball,  
Ungrateful blokes?

Why do the craftsmen mix  
Steel, wood and leather,  
If we just slice for six  
Into the heather?

Why tie the fly so dry,  
If any stinker  
Can cause the trout to die  
By worm and sinker?

What lesson's learnt from Darts,  
If, soon or later,  
They pierce the hinder parts  
Of some spectator?

No answer do I seek  
That's categorical;  
These questions, so to speak,  
Are quite rhetorical.



pith-helmet. When requested to stand clear, he raised his helmet a few inches and said: "Could any of you gentlemen tell me where the river is here? I am entered for an angling competition." My opponent, an Old Wykehamist, remarked: "When I was a boy, we were taught to lift the hat entirely clear of the head before addressing strangers, not just a few paltry inches"; then drove a hundred yards towards square-leg.

How to dress for golf is one of the insoluble problems of the Anglo-Saxon race. At Deal, Dale Bourn used to favour a paper hat worked in patriotic colours. In tempest, John Morrison is apt to put on a waterproof skirt. Commercial travellers wear stockings that can be used as a draughts-board while waiting for very religious putters in front. *De Gustibus non Disputandum*, as the Restaurateur remarked while watching an influential patron bolting two Doormats à la Demi-Souvaroff.

A LEADING golf professional shocked the critics recently by playing the last few holes in a "light unbuttoned overcoat." Perhaps he had nothing on underneath. In which case, elementary considerations of decorum should have induced him to attend to the buttons. I remember, in the 1920's, we were about to start a round on a course near Lisbon when a man walked across the first teeing-ground dressed only in pyjama-trousers, gumboots, and a

THE match at Lord's this week between Middlesex and Leicestershire marks the 48th Anniversary of the first public appearance of the googly, that vulgar ball which breaks from the off when it shouldn't. It was introduced to polite society by B. J. T. Bosanquet, and the Australians still honour the inventor by calling it the "Bozie." The victim was Sam Coe, now scorer to Leicestershire. He had scored 98, when Bosanquet released his foundling

down the wicket. A frolicsome child, it bounced four times. Between the third and fourth bounce, Coe had a swat at it, missed, and was stumped by W. P. Robertson.

In this same match Bosanquet scored 136 and 139; 275 runs in 275 minutes. He used to tell how, in his Oxford days, he evolved this rascally deceiver on a table with a tennis ball, spun underhand. The next stage of the googly was with a soft ball at stump-cricket. From this he progressed to a cricket ball. At the lunch interval, the most famous batsman on the other side was enticed into a net. Bosanquet fed him with a few innocent leg-breaks; then came the googly. It hit the batsman on knee or wicket; everyone laughed, and the inventor was led away for the day. And that, ladies and gentlemen, was the birth of the googly. A subject surely worth a Tone Poem in 4 Flats.

ESPERANTO JONES, the International Sportsman, when interviewed in his Charlemagne gymnasium, told me that he intends to swim ten times round the Isle of Wight. "I shall wear," he said, "a rubber hat of red, black, and yellow." I pointed out that these were the colours of the I Zingari Cricket Club. "I cannot help that," he replied, "Noah was prior to Lord Harris." He aims to take in coal at Ventnor and Cowes. The dive-in is at St. Catherine's Point, 6.15 a.m., G.M.T. So, cut along now, folks. Remove the whistle-plunger, and turn milled ferrule to "Open" RC. Robertson Glasgow.

## EMMWOOD'S

# WESTMINSTER WARBLERS

(NO. 20)

A very steady and keen-sighted flier, at present grounded owing to obscure conditions along its usual migratory routes

**ADULT MALE:** General colour above pink, abundantly crested with sable feathers, toning to grey to the rear of the mandibles; beak wine tinted and prominently placed, heavily tufted below with sable, whiskery growth; mandibles blue, extremely blue when angered; neck feathers silky, often to be seen with pearl-like bobble on the frontal bone; body feathers sombre; shanks spindly; feet leathery and well placed (the bird being an authority on walking the middle way).

**HABITS:** This bird, though not very well known to many fanciers, has an entertaining method of making its presence felt among the other members of its sub-order; especially when they are unlucky enough to find themselves left on the wing. The Colonial Curlew, when airborne, is capable of cutting many commendable capers; it is best known, however, for its efforts in keeping the older individuals of its species well supplied with all the necessary matter they may require for good nest-building. The bird is a great lover of colonial nesting-places and, of late months, has been observed to appear most dejected and crestfallen, as these desirable terrains have been denied to it: its sad and melancholy little cry, a kind of "Yuflungemtoofarthistime," is most heartrending to listen to.

**HABITATS:** The Colonial Curlew is a perennial inhabitant of Westminster, apart from a brief migration to the more salubrious areas of South Africa. It may often be seen darting, to and fro, around the older publishing houses of London, from whence it obtains the necessary wherewithal for nest-building.



The True Blue Colonial Curlew—or Lesser Known Suppli Snipe

(Eenimeeniminimo-Acolonialofisannuhintosh)



# Elizabeth Bowen's Book Reviews

"Monarchy and the Chase"

"Growing Up"

"Caligula"

"Notes on the Verse Drama"



In the year of the Armada another invasion of England was successful. This was the introduction of the Italian madrigal in which, grafted on to a flourishing native musical tradition, Mr. A. Hyatt King is inclined to see the beginnings of chamber music. In recording its development in "Chamber Music" (Max Parrish; 6s.) he explores an unduly neglected field, and his book is graced by many charming illustrations. That above is a silhouette sketch, "Singers and Audience," made by Moritz von Schwind in 1838.

OUR friend "Sabretache" gives us, in *Monarchy and the Chase* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 16s.), a book of first-rate originality as to angle, and full of matter. In fact, a re-reading of British history from the point of view of the hunting field. What could not but be ingenious and entertaining has embodied, also, the fruits of solid research: many lesser-known aspects of Royal character—right back to before King Alfred—have been turned up, and the effects of these on the Realm shown. In principle this is, as the title tells us, a book about hunting kings—and "Sabretache" shows considerable strength of mind, I feel, in restricting himself to *ours*: Charlemagne, for instance, obviously tempts him, but, except when our monarchs crossed the Channel to hunt, he has not permitted pen or fancy to stray.

Perhaps he will, some day, make French Royal hunting (so enchantingly commemorated in tapestries) the subject of a companion book to this? For really, we cannot have enough of this kind of fascinating writing. As it stands, *Monarchy and the Chase* is an animated tapestry in itself. It is a pretty comprehensive history of hunting—boar, stag and fox—in these islands, from the earliest days of which we have record at all. Inevitably the pack of which we hear most is the Royal Buckhounds; but any country over which a reigning monarch, his heir or his heir-apparent rode is favoured; also, by a descriptive touch.

"SABRETACHE," though too wise to be out to prove that any king who was a good rider to hounds was necessarily an all-round good king, does suggest he was seldom a wholly bad one. Of the admittedly "execrable" King John he says: "The King's general character does not encourage a belief that anything so healthy as sport can have held out any attraction to him. His record in this regard is as blank as it is black in every other direction." Whereas, with regard to Richard III., in equally bad repute as a nephew-slayer, "Sabretache" wonders whether history ought not to abate (if not reverse) its verdict—nor is he, I gather, alone in this. "Whether Richard was even the deformity he is made out to be, is equally open to doubt. He was a first-class man on the back of a horse, and also a first-class swordsman."

History, as "Sabretache" points out, is a mist-covered network of uncertainties; it bristles with contradictions; little is downright provable.

In only one department of history would there seem to be a firm foothold in this quaking morass, the never-disputed fondness of monarchs for the Chase.

Hunting in sober fact has been an integral part of the ritual of kingship, and possibly, if anyone could be found to follow the long trail back to our first ancestor, he would discover that that monarch of all he surveyed was even fonder of hunting than he was of gardening.

KING PENDA (circa A.D. 642) can, we learn, definitely claim to have been a Pythley master; Æthelstan has an even better title—and "may possibly be cited as one who best represented English methods as opposed to those which came over with the Normans." William the Conqueror, though he brought over with him "an inordinate appetite for the Chase," disfigured his record by cruel restrictive practices: penalties attached to any breach of the game laws were monstrous, and he dispossessed Saxon smallholders right and left in order to enlarge the Royal forests. His direct successors were hardly more humane. The Conqueror is thought to have brought over with him from Normandy his own pack of hounds; and "Sabretache" considers it indisputable that he did much to improve the breed of the indigenous horse.

The Plantagenet kings' hunting records are given *in toto*—when not fighting they were in the main keen sportsmen. It was during the reign of Henry II. that the Royal Buckhounds obtained a definite establishment. For centuries, too, Royal interest in cavalry warfare was to have an effect on English horse-breeding: the merits of Saladin's Light Cavalry being realised, for instance, by Richard Cœur de Lion during the Third Crusade. Later, the Wars of the Roses, in which perished the flower of English chivalry, could but be a set-back.

OF the six Tudor sovereigns, only two—Henry VIII. and his daughter Elizabeth—had any true connection with the Chase. Henry VIII.'s inordinate gain in weight was to cause him, in his later years, to fall back on the unsportsmanlike practice of hunting in "Parks." That the Virgin Queen, though an enthusiast and a hard rider, did really know very much about hunting is, "Sabretache"

considers, open to doubt. In her time, the hard-riding hunting woman had not yet come into fashion—the side-saddle having, I learn with interest, been unknown until Henri II. of France's wife, Catherine de Medici, invented "a thing with pommels." This would have come to England in time for Queen Elizabeth. . . . James I. put the English crown in its place by hunting his way, at leisure, all the way down England on his way to take it up.

With such a start, the Stuart kings all did well. James I., again, did much to improve the breed of English horse; Charles I. and Charles II. showed an outstanding proficiency as horsemen. During the Civil War, it was from hunting men that the King's fine cavalry was recruited. Most good things were to suffer from the generally kill-joy attitude of the Roundheads—in view of which it is surprising to hear that the Protector himself owned some fine horses.

THE Restoration put everything back in place: "Sabretache" has a fine passage on Charles II.'s Newmarket days. James II. maintained, while Duke of York, the same enthusiasms: life saddened for him when he became king, but he did not sever his connection with the "King's Pack." Indeed, as "Sabretache" has reason to remark of Monmouth's rebellion, "it was the very irony of fate that the first challenge to the title to the throne of a hunting man should have come from another hunting man"—the Duke of Monmouth had founded the Charlton pack. Incidentally, James II.'s last battle (the Boyne) was to be fought in the famous Meath country.

The Hanoverian monarchs did not do themselves justice, in this field, until the accession of George III. There were then famous days—with the addition of a number of hard-riding, hard-living beauties, not least of whom was the often-sung Lady Lade, of whom "Sabretache" gives an excellent portrait. The Regency, naturally, witnessed no decline. . . . From then on up to the present our author has traced the Royal course—which is, happily, more and more fully documented as time rolls on. *Monarchy and the Chase* contains a richness of detail and information on which I have not room to comment. The book concludes with a chapter as to the future of hunting.

. . . if once we efface the joys of the Chase  
From the land, and out-  
root the stud,  
Goodbye to the Anglo-  
Saxon race  
Farewell to the Norman  
blood.

LIVIA MANNING'S collection of short stories, *Growing Up* (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.).

## RECORD OF THE WEEK

THERE are still people who imagine that no good "swing" music can be produced in this country, but fortunately this prejudice is slowly being dispelled.

Recently the Ray Ellington Quartet made an instantaneous success when Ted Heath presented them at one of his "Swing Music" concerts at the London Palladium. The B.B.C. followed this with a number of broadcasts, and now their first record is available. For their debut they play *The*

*Best Man and Dream for Percussion*. The combination consists of Dick Katz, pianist, Coleridge Goode, bass, Lauderic Caton, guitar, and Ray Ellington, drummer and vocalist.

Here is one of the most interesting records of its kind made in this country, and one which must surely be a prelude to much more from this quartet. Parlophone R. 3104.)

Robert Tredinnick.

## BOWEN ON BOOKS

should, as a book, decidedly make its mark. Here is a developed, distinguished talent, overdue for the full recognition it deserves. Miss Manning published her first novel, *The Wind Changes*, in that unrewarding year 1939. She then arrived with her husband in Rumania three days before the declaration of war, staying in Bucharest till the German troops marched in. Evacuated by air to Athens, she worked there, for six months, on secret reports for the British Military Mission, and was to be, once more, among the last to leave. Next, in Alexandria and in Cairo, she worked as assistant Press Attaché to the American consulate. A year later, she went with her husband to Jerusalem, where he was in charge of the Palestine Broadcasting Service. While in Cairo, she had assembled the material for her book about Stanley's second excursion into Africa, which, published last year, was entitled *The Remarkable Expedition*.

In many cases, I don't think the biographical notes which publishers are so kind as to supply have a very direct bearing on an author's work. In the case of Miss Manning, however, I feel the above facts to be relevant. They explain, for one thing, why we have not had from this obviously born writer a greater body of work; also, I think we find in them the genesis of the best part of her present performance. Those very circumstances which, for years, withheld Miss Manning from continuous writing provided her with an almost masculine outfit in the way of experience. During the inter-war years, a number of otherwise excellent women writers showed signs of having spent too much time moping about, wondering exactly how they felt. Rather overcast introspective novels, or novels endlessly and minutely probing into personal relationships were the result.

IN fact, it once appeared to be the handicap of my and Miss Manning's sex that, while many of us wished to and could write, few of us had anything very particular to write about. For Miss Manning, the changes and chances of life and war have put this right: I feel, from the variety of the stories in *Growing Up*, that she is only beginning to draw on her material. Her artistic sensitiveness has adapted itself, without a quaver, to violent movement and spectacular change.

The best examples of this are to be found in the stories in the fourth and last section of this book, grouped under the heading of "Abroad." Of these the scenes are Central Europe (in wartime) and the Middle East. "In a Winter Landscape" and "A Journey" are outstanding.

After these, the contents of the first section, "Children," are to be placed—the scene of two of these three is the West of Ireland: the changing lights on the sea and landscape, and, no less, the quick-changing moods of

persons—grown-ups and children—are majestically, poetically done. . . . Oddly enough, the long middle story, "Growing Up," is at once Miss Manning's technical masterpiece and her least pleasing production emotionally. And the same blighted view of the human kind disfigures some of the stories in the group "At Home"—once or twice I felt she had put her admirable powers to unworthy use. However, I feel it likely that Miss Manning has by now sloughed off several earlier phases: the best of the stories in this book suggest that her literary future should be impressive.

Apart from anything else, *Growing Up* makes absorbing reading—each tale being long enough to get fully into its stride. Don't miss this.

"CALIGULA" (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.) is a play about that monster Roman Emperor by the increasingly prominent young French (or, rather, French-North African) writer Albert Camus—author of *The Outsider* and *The Plague*. Camus's heroes, as was to be seen in the novels, tend to be a puzzle to themselves and something of a bane to the public—in *Caligula*, we have the empowered type. A certain wistfulness, a certain naïve good faith (even as he raves, slaughters and lays about him) save this Emperor from being quite repulsive—or so, at least, avers the optimist who wrote that piece inside the wrapper. Shall we leave it that, like Thurbér's "Dog who Bit

People," he was a prey to some symbolic worry?

In the same volume with *Caligula* comes a second Camus play, *Cross Purposes*, which—apart from the fact that from time to time it can hardly fail to remind the more skittish reader of *Arsenic and Old Lace*—has sombre merits. You may not enjoy these two plays, but you won't be keeping abreast with modern European literature if you don't read them. So that is that.

CHRISTOPHER HASSALL'S *Notes on the Verse Drama* (Curtain Press; 2s.) is a beautifully-written, intelligent monograph. The grand Elizabethan past is studied—Mr. Hassall reminds us that Shakespeare's plays were written to be declaimed (nay, indeed, if weather conditions made it necessary, fairly bawled aloud) in the open air: he suggests that the subsequent "move indoors" may have, to an extent, devitalised the theatre. In the old days, much used to be supplied by the vigorous imagination of the audience. Mr. Hassall believes that we could be capable of that response still. For one thing, broadcasting, he points out, makes for a hopeful revival of the poetic drama. This booklet, elegantly produced, should be bought, read and pondered over by anyone interested in the stage.

## Winifred Lewis on Fashions

ONE of the most fallen-back-upon topics is whether or not London shoppers have the advantage over country and provincial ones. Speaking from the fashion angle, I doubt it. If London is still the Mecca of women in search of clothes, it has some very considerable rivals in other centres. In Edinburgh and Glasgow, from where I have just returned, merchandise standards in the big stores were exceptionally high, even by London's West End standards.

Shopping in Princes Street, Edinburgh, was pleasurable enough in itself with the warm, early summer air heavy with the perfume of wallflowers massed in the gardens which flank the east side of that lovely thoroughfare.

It was interesting to hear from store Principals and Buyers in Scotland's big shopping centres that the North is well abreast of the South in its acceptance of The Look. Whilst sharing with us a tendency to by-pass the more exaggerated trends, the longer skirt is the only acceptable one to the average shopper, and the romantic trend in styling is everywhere approved, especially by younger women.

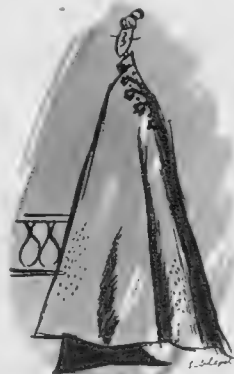
In Edinburgh anticipation of the Royal Garden parties at Holyrood and of the many other social activities connected with the coming Festival has stimulated the seasonal influx of glamorous gowns and hats. Visitors from the South and overseas on the look-out for Scotch woollen materials and tweeds will not look in vain. I saw an impressive display of them at Jenners' Princes Street store, where the special Board of Trade no-coupon facilities to overseas shoppers for all rationed commodities have been arranged for.

Some exciting summer clothes in the lower price ranges—especially suitable for the younger woman's pocket—were being shown at a dress show at Daly's of Glasgow while I was there. The keynote was holiday wear and enchanting cotton prints, cotton evening gowns and play-suits for the beach competed successfully with the best I have seen at such displays. In your shopping forages, look out for summer dresses and young evening gowns in Sea Island cotton—some of which were included in this show. This material, which is coming on to the market in increasing quantities, is as sheer as fine silk and drapes divinely. It has, of course, all the robust qualities of the best cotton and launders easily. It appears in charming print designs and, as I saw at Daly's, is being made into exquisitely fine under-clothes.

Back in London again, a first engagement was with leather. Though most of us are familiar with the use of leather for clothes, I doubt if the full versatility of it is appreciated as a fashion medium. One has associated suède with practical sports clothes for a long time past, but an elegant town coat, an afternoon dress and even a cocktail gown in suède are propositions at which most of us will open our eyes in wonder. Nevertheless, these garments have been made by Leathercraft in skins so fine and soft that they can be modelled with all the suppleness of fine cloth. Skins suitable for this kind of use are brought from India where, at a certain altitude, sheep are bred whose pelts have a unique quality of softness and flexibility.

A tailored town coat in a muted rose colour is an unusual combination of the practical and the elegant. The suède is light, wind and showerproof and perfectly adaptable for cool summer wear as well as for the chillier days of late autumn.

A distinguished nappa leather coat in white with deep armholes and back fullness caught into a fitting waist makes an exceptionally smart travelling coat and a practical one. The leather is spongeable.



An engraving of 1798 representing a Haydn trio. Another illustration from "Chamber Music"



A series of silhouettes by von Schwind illustrating musicians of the eighteenth century



# THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



## Wyld — Hamilton

Mr. John H. G. Wyld, of Vicarage Gate, London, W.8, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wyld, of Tetbury, Gloucestershire, married Miss Susan Craigie Hamilton, younger daughter of Bishop and Mrs. Eric Knightley Hamilton, of The Deanery, Windsor Castle, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor



## Wellesley — Haig-Thomas

Mr. Richard Wellesley, son of Lord George Wellesley and of the late Lady George Wellesley, and great-grandson of the Iron Duke, married Miss Ruth Haig-Thomas, third daughter of Mr. Peter and Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas, sister of the Earl of Normanton, at Bucklands Parish Church, Faringdon, Berkshire



## Eggar — Crommelin-Brown

Mr. John Drennan Eggar, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Norman Eggar, of Ardee, Epsom, married Miss Pamela Rosemary Crommelin-Brown, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Crommelin-Brown, of Brook House, Repton, at St. Wystan's, Repton



## Ramsay — Arvanitidi

Mr. David Ramsay, son of the Hon. Sir Patrick and Lady Ramsay, of the British Embassy, Lisbon, married Miss Helen Arvanitidi, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonidas Arvanitidi, of 4, Avenue du Docteur Brouardel, Paris, at the Greek Chapel of Lausanne, Switzerland



## Farmiloe — Douglas-Smith

Mr. Leslie Brian Farmiloe, M.C., son of Mr. Harold Farmiloe, of Westminster Gardens, S.W.1, and Sandbanks, Dorset, and the late Mrs. Farmiloe, married Mrs. Hazel Douglas-Smith, widow of Major Alexander Douglas-Smith, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Scragg, of Milton-under-Wychwood, Oxfordshire, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



## Tippett — Cameron

Mr. Rutherford Berriman Tippett, only son of the late Mr. P. Tippett and of Mrs. Katherine Tippett, of Westminster Gardens, S.W.1, married Miss Audrey Helen Cameron, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gregor Cameron, of Eltham, Bearsden, Dumbartonshire, at the Cathedral, Glasgow

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## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Burrell and Hardman

**Miss Elizabeth Caroline Spence and Mr. William Allen Lea**, who are engaged to be married. Miss Spence is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. George Deane Spence and of Mrs. A. E. Spence, formerly of Brook-lawn House, Kilkenny, Eire, and now of Wallasey, Cheshire, and Mr. Lea is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lea, of Hyndford House, Gayton, Cheshire. He is now in business in Sao Paulo, Brazil



Navana Vandyk

**Miss Betty Hamilton Scott and Major Christopher Birdwood**, who are to marry in June. Miss Hamilton Scott is the only child of Capt. and Mrs. Claud Scott, of Walton Street, London, S.W., and formerly of Thriplow House, Thriplow, Cambs., and Major Birdwood is the youngest son of the late Lt.-Col. G. T. Birdwood, I.M.S., and of Mrs. Birdwood, of Walmer, Kent



Harlip.

**Priscilla, Viscountess Wolmer and the Hon. Peter Legh**, who are to marry early in July. Viscountess Wolmer is the widow of Viscount Wolmer, of Bradshott Hall, Liss, Hants, and the younger daughter of the late Capt. J. Egerton-Warburton, and of the Hon. Mrs. John Waters, and Mr. Legh is the eldest son of Lord and Lady Newton, of Timsbury Manor, Romsey, Hants



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## FLYING

"THOU shalt not enjoy thyself" seems to be the commandment of the day. A man may not justify an interest in aviation or anything else on the grounds that he likes it. Such a reason would be considered rather disgraceful, for it is accepted that only the drab and the dismal can be socially desirable. All of which makes the arrangement of air rallies, air pageants and air garden parties doubly difficult.

The Ministry of Civil Aviation would go up in flames if a big air pageant were to be staged with wing-walking, grass-grazing aerobatics, bird-man parachute drops and the rest of it. Yet those old pageants were enjoyable. They produced an authentic thrill. They drew the crowd—a crowd that was neither forced nor bribed to go but paid its entrance fee and usually voted that it had had its money's worth.

All that is gone. The really joyous air pageant, as distinct from the self-conscious educative display, will be held no more in Britain unless things change a great deal. Fortunately, however, France still admits a certain amount of light-heartedness and there are this year some admirable events in which certain noted wines play a not inconsiderable part. British aircraft owners are making the best of these chances to get away from the agonies of being perpetually co-operative.

## The Gatwick Rally

NOR is the Royal Aero Club neglectful of its responsibilities in doing what can be done to return the lavish hospitality that is showered by people in France and Belgium on British flyers. Its international rally at Gatwick is being planned with care and with a certain amount of ingenuity. But it is no

good pretending that England can offer visitors much enjoyment.

Nor is it entirely true to excuse our shortcomings by pointing to our war effort. Some of the reasons why it is difficult to find enjoyment here are the outcome of restrictive legislation. Nevertheless I understand that the international rally will attract a fair number of foreign private aeroplane owners to Gatwick.

## Commonwealth Air Power

THE idea of creating a Commonwealth air force deserves to be revived. The Service experts are agreed that if war came a Commonwealth air force would be immediately a prime necessity. Lord Tedder has recently signed an agreement with the French for close collaboration between the Royal Air Force and the French *Armée de l'Air* and the Commonwealth air force would have the same objects of standardization of equipment and training methods in view.

British air strength would be increased by a formal unification of the air forces of the Dominions. Nor need such a unification abolish individuality. The distinctive uniform shades could be retained and so could a great many other features. But there could

be a wider and broader attack on equipment and this would be a great advantage especially just now when we are so short of money.

As for the sources of production, it is accepted that they would need to be dispersed if there were another war. They could no longer produce successfully if crammed together in this small island. So the Dominion aircraft industries would not lose by a unification of the air forces.

## EXPORT

Here at home would-be readers of THE TATLER may meet with difficulties in placing their order; but THE TATLER is also an export. Your friends overseas can be supplied without delay. Subscription rates on application to: The Publisher, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.



Sir Harold Scott, Chief Commissioner of Police, speaking at the luncheon held at Grosvenor House to launch a new road safety film called "Highwaymen," which is intended to remind all road users that courtesy promotes safety. Sitting, left to right, are Mr. John Lewis, one of the sponsors of the film, Lt.-Col. J. A. A. Pickard, D.S.O., Director-General of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, and the Chairman, Lord Llewellyn, P.C., C.B.E., who is President of the Society

## Magnetic Milk Churns

SOME time ago I discussed with a member of the Guild of Air Pilots the experiments that were being done to ascertain the effects of milk churns on magnetic compasses. The milk churn, being of metal, remaining nearly always at the same angle relative to the earth's axis, and getting banged about a good deal, naturally becomes a magnet. When an aeroplane carries milk churns, therefore, it is to be expected that they may affect the compass.

And they do affect the compass. Since then reference to this effect has been made in an accident report. The whole thing is obvious enough now; but milk churns seem so innocent that they went unsuspected for a long time. All of which supports my favourite theory that milk is the most dangerous thing on earth.

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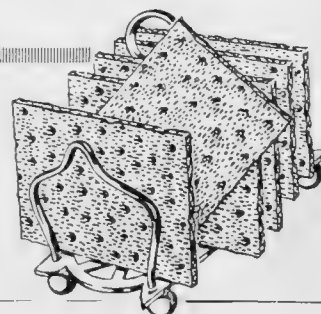


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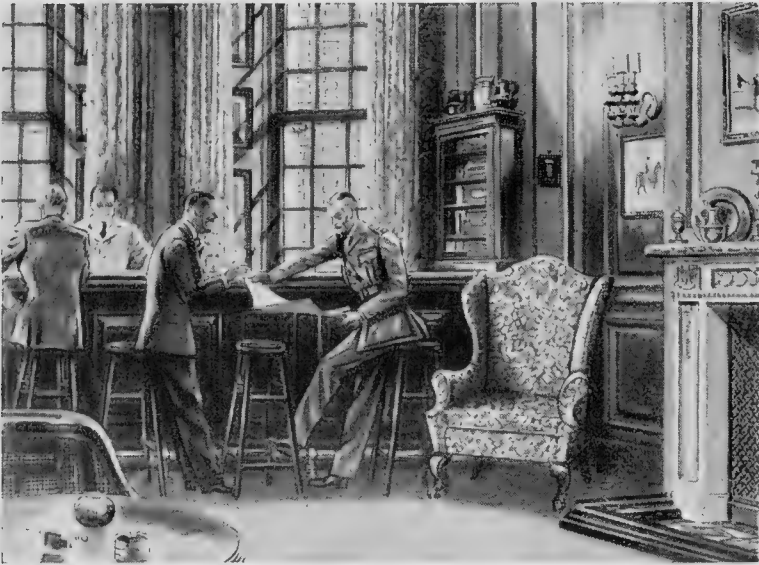
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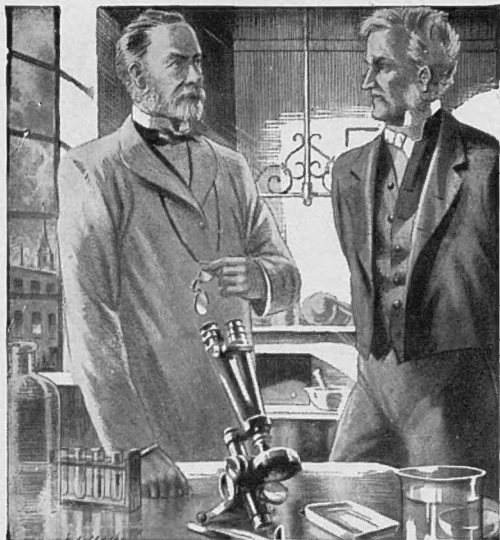
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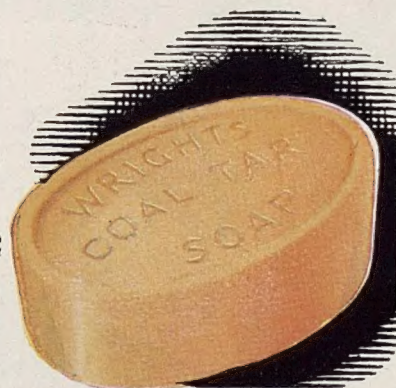


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